

where with equal right, man standing by his brother, holds with equal hand his own equal share of the power of government and the rights of the nation.

Men in other days and times have fought for kingdoms, — you fight, each man for himself. Men in other lands may fight for crowns, — each man here fights for the crown of his own honor and for the ensign of his own dignity and power. Whether born upon our soil or in other lands and wandering here, you are citizens of this united government, equally sharing in the heritage of freedom. Its opportunities and blessings belong to you all. And they who do not include in their calculations of the present or of the future, this element of the sagacious sense and intuitive understanding of this people of their rights and their capacity to maintain them, have never understood the people, nor ever appreciated those principles of liberty which we inherit from our fathers, and which under the providence of God we mean to hold.

And now whoever may prophesy evil, whoever may cast a shadow over our future, wherever any man's hope may wane, and whosoever's heart may quail, I have no sympathy with him, I have no share in his prognostications of evil, I neither seek his counsel, and I spurn him from mine. Whatsoever people are worthy to be saved by their own right hands are able to be saved; and I see to-day here before me the sure sign, and a certain prophecy, of the early deliverance of our people and the early freedom of our land from the curse which now appals my heart and casts its awful shadow over you all in this grand, enthusiastic, and happy gathering of the people themselves.

It needs not me to tell you here, why from out your homes, why from all the workshops of this dear old Boston, you have issued, shutting your doors behind you, that you might give this undivided day to the cause of your country. It is because, with one unanimous consent, with one voice, this peo-

ple have dedicated themselves for their own salvation. What care we for the comforts piled up to be scattered, as we trusted, as an inheritance to our children? What care we for busy industry, for private ambition, or personal aspiration, or hope, or family, or friends, in the face of the great woe laid upon us all, in the spirit of the Apostle, *if we give not ourselves to these things?*

And now, sirs, it is only that I might venture to speak one single word of hope and encouragement, that I tore myself away from cares and duties which forbid me the opportunity of preparation for speech, and I am here this afternoon much more that I might drink in from the warm breath of your hearty zeal and patriotism, an encouragement which all who labor daily in this cause do so much need. When the flesh is weak and weary and faint, how it thrills the heart and stimulates the courage and hope of man, to feel the beating heart of a sympathetic brother.

There is no one of you whose hand, I know if I grasped it, would not be warm, whose words, if they could be whispered in my ear alone would not be "God bless you!" as mine would be "God bless you, my brother!" for all that you do for all of us and for all our children.

But I confess to you, my friends, that I can hardly say that — beautiful and captivating and inspiring as this scene is — I can hardly say my heart is here. It is far away, where your friends are to-day, down by the waters of the Rappahannock, on the soil of that Virginia which your brothers' blood has made sacred forever. Fond memory carries us with them, our brothers and our friends, who are to-day upon the soil of the Old Dominion, holding up the flag of the country, the honor of the nation, the hopes, the rights, and dignity of us all. Who of us, this afternoon, has made up his mind to follow them? Who shall pitch his white tent upon the banks of the Rappahannock and march wherever the army of Virginia marches,

beneath the flag of the Republic, to carry the principles it symbolizes and the rights it would perpetuate? All this will have been wasted and worse than lost if we do not go.

What will be the value of all this gathering of the people if this gathering stays at home? What will avail the shouts that have rung in our ears this afternoon, if they do not reach the Massachusetts men, the Pennsylvania men, the Indiana and Wisconsin soldiers, the soldiers of the Union everywhere? When the battle is thick and the sabres fall fast; when the shouts of the onset are ringing over the fields; when the trampling of the horses are adding confusion to the noise of the battle; and when garments bathed in blood are bestrewing the plain; when your brothers, gathering together with perhaps decimated ranks, fighting with unequal numbers against the savage foe, threatening them with death on the field even though prisoners of war, or death in the dreary dungeons—of what avail to them, to this cause, to the wives and children left at home by them—of what use to our future, if we all stay here and do not arise and hurry to their aid? Oh, sir, I say that the hour has come when it is the duty of every man to have a solemn settlement between his heart and God. If liberty is worth anything, if rights are worth anything, the hour is come when we must have a settlement in heaven, or we have no right to be on earth. I do not appeal to any sentiment of wild enthusiasm. I would cast behind me the sentiment of mere ambition; I would rise higher than patriotism itself, if it is possible to rise higher than patriotism when it is sublimed by virtue; I would rise to the highest inspiration of the most solemn hour, and appeal to this people—the sons of reverend sires, the sons of pious mothers who have dedicated them in prayer to God, and whose spirit hovers over this scene to-day. I would appeal to you all, by every memory, by every hope, by every inspiration of truth and duty, by every

idea sacred to the heart of man, to settle this question, each for himself, to-night—*What can I and what ought I most to do to save this bleeding country and restore the star of peace?*

I have no right or power to dictate the law of duty to any man—not even the humblest man who does me the honor to listen to my voice; but I *appeal* to him. Judge ye for yourselves what is right. Fair boy, just entering upon the prime of early manhood, the down upon your lip, and youth and beauty upon your cheek, magnetism in your eyes, valor in your heart—why linger you here when those dear brothers of ours linger in the hellish dungeons of Virginia? What holds you here while Savage and Quincy and their compatriots are prisoners in Richmond? Why linger you here when the blood of Abbott and Cary and ten thousand of our boys is unavenged?

What keeps you here while that flag is insulted, and the memory of your fathers spurned, the rights of your people threatened, the dignity and honor of your country debased, the hopes of all your future, your children's children, down to the latest hour of coming time, trampled under foot? Oh, my God! what keeps this people from one sudden, one spontaneous, one fiery and bursting enthusiasm which should leave no man behind hardly to till the ground and watch the kine within the stall until this blood shall be avenged, until this foul wrong shall be blotted out, until this terrible rebellion shall be put down by force of arms which no valor can resist, by the mighty masses of the people against which no powers on earth can stand, and against which even the gates of hell itself cannot prevail.

Well, sir, it is going to be done. It will be done, for I see it in your eyes: the resolve mantles on your cheeks; it bursts in hurrahs from your lips, and it will be done. It will be done once and for all time, and the cursed cause of all this wrong shall be sent howling back to the den from which slavery

was spawned, to curse the earth no more forever. Yes, sir; and when the American people, wiser than policy, because the wisdom of honest hearts is combined with the wisdom of clear heads; when the wisdom of the American people, greater than the wisdom of politicians, shall have asserted itself in tones no mortal can mistake, the voice shall be heard not merely in the White House at Washington, where is reflected the will of the people, but it shall be heard in the halls of the enemy, and the members of Jefferson Davis shall quiver with unwonted anguish, as he sees, like Belshazzar of old, the handwriting upon the wall.

You shall write the doom of slavery, as you write the doom of this rebellion, in the blood you have poured out from the living veins and bleeding hearts of Massachusetts men—a price of blood worth more than all possible right to all the bondmen if right there can be in property accursed of heaven—whoever toiled on earth or sighed beneath the sun. How much more shall we pay? I would like to know how many more Massachusetts boys are to lie down in death on the gory plain before the blow shall be struck which gives liberty to you, which gives a future to your country, as it breaks the chains of the bondman. I never supposed that such talk as that was heresy on Boston Common, and whether it is or not I dare to utter it, for I spurn the friendship of any man who would not have me faithful to the truth. As God has spoken to my heart, so speak I to you.

But this is not an afternoon for talk; it is an afternoon for work. It is an hour for stalwart arms to strike. And now, sirs, go home, I pray you; sleep one night upon your pillows in the quiet peace of a New England home, dedicate yourselves in your evening prayer and your morning orison to God and to your country, bind duty upon your foreheads, bear the sacred trust in your hearts, as the Jews of old did the tables of

the law in the ark of the covenant, sacred, dear, immortal as your souls forever, and then go forth to join the army of your brethren, enroll your names upon the immortal scroll which bears the record, splendid, beautiful sometimes as the record of a noble life, and sometimes as the record of the heroic death of the thousands of your brethren who have already devoted themselves to this war. Those who stay behind shall watch over those with whom you leave your hearts. They who remain behind shall guard the altar of your homes, and believe me, fellow-citizens, trust us that we will be faithful to the sacred charge you leave with us.

There is to be no draft, I trust, in Massachusetts. No conscripts in the old Bay State. There is to be no draft in the old battle-field, save the draft which the Lord himself makes upon willing hearts answered by the voluntary action of more willing hands. They are coming at the call of the country and of duty from all the shore; from the mountains of Berkshire—the Switzerland of Massachusetts—they come down in teeming thousands from the hill-tops; from the valley of the Connecticut they spring up like the bearded corn in the harvest time; from the hills of Worcester they are pouring down to the encampments recruits of yeomen; and all along the coast from Northern Essex to where the waters kiss the shore and waft across the bay, they are coming on.

Almost all our first quota is reported filled. Thousands more of the second demand have already subscribed their names, many of them have already placed themselves in camp, and I am straining with those who surround me engaged in the Executive duties of the Commonwealth, every nerve, and using every capacity within our reach, in order to march to the field on Monday, the first day of September, if that be possible, so that it shall reach Washington on the very day on which the Presidential draft is proclaimed, the gal-

lant old Sixth Regiment, of Baltimore memory. Its ranks are rapidly filling up. I believe it is entitled to the honor of being the first militia regiment of New England that will march to the walls of the Capitol under this new requisition.

Go you there if you choose, join the Cadet Regiment if you prefer, the Second Regi-

ment of Militia if you like it better, the Second Battalion or the Fourth, if they contain any whose society you like. But go somewhere. Go now, go together all of you, and heaven bless you, save and preserve our country, and be with our children forever, as God has been with our fathers until now.

SPEECH OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

I REJOICE, fellow-citizens, to behold this mighty throng. It shows that the spirit of our fathers is again abroad in the land, and that you are resolved that the Union, which they established, shall not be rent asunder; that the mildest and most beneficent government on earth shall not be sacrificed to the ambition of a few disappointed aspirants to office. We have now reached not only the most important week in the history of the war up to the present time, but the week which will most powerfully influence the future. The fate of this year's campaign depends upon the manner in which the call of the President is responded to by the people, and this campaign will go far to settle the question, whether we are to have a short or a long war.

It is a moment, fellow-citizens, of vast importance, pregnant with consequences, not merely for us, but for our latest posterity. Everything is at stake, for which your fathers and your forefathers counselled, and toiled, and bled, from the day that the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, through the long years of colonial trial, the sharp struggle of the Revolution, the languor of the old Confederation, down to that happy consummation, the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. All, all is now at stake. Shall this noblest fabric of human wisdom be allowed to crumble into miserable fragments, or shall it be sustained through this dark hour of trial? shall it sink into early and ignominious decay, or shall it stand in

its majesty and beauty for ages, so that our children and our children's children shall be enabled to say, "The rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock?"

There are three courses, — three only, — with respect to the war, which can by possibility be pursued by the Government and loyal people of the Union, and as far as depends upon us, we are called to choose this week between them.

We may, first, admit that we are unable to carry on the war, retire baffled and discomfited from the attempt, and sue for peace. Are you ready for that? Or, second, we may furnish the Government with tardy and inadequate supplies, just enough to enable it, upon the whole, to hold our own; to gain a victory here, to suffer a repulse there; to capture strong fortresses and populous cities one day, only to have railroad passenger cars fired into, and invalid officers shot in their ambulances by murderous guerillas the next day, and so let the contest drag on for twenty or thirty years, like the wars of the French Revolution, the wars of the Commonwealth in England, or the Thirty Years' War in Germany; or third, we may give the Government, at whatever cost, the means which it requires, to bring the contest to a prompt and triumphant close. Is not this last the dictate of humanity; is not this, my fellow-citizens, your wish and firm resolve?

Now I say, fellow-citizens, it depends upon the manner in which the President's call for reinforcements is responded to, which of these three modes of dealing with the war shall prevail.

Let us look at them for a moment. There can, I need scarce say, be no hesitation between a long and a short war; but ought we not to prefer the first-named course to either? Ought we not to yield the demands of secession, and sue for peace? In order to answer that question, we must ask another, what are those demands, — what are the conditions of such a peace? What do the leaders of secession claim of us? Let me point out to you for a moment, fellow-citizens, their stupendous audacity.

Eighteen months ago the Government of the United States extended its undisputed constitutional rule from the northeastern corner of Maine to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, — one might almost say from “sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth;” an area of twenty-one degrees of latitude and sixty of longitude. Throughout this mighty domain, there was not a citizen but was bound by his allegiance, and if he was an officer, military or naval, or a magistrate of the Union or the State, by his oath, to obey the Constitution and Laws of the United States, “anything in the constitution and laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.” Over all this vast territory the constitutional government of the United States bore lawful sway, just as fully as the constitutional government of England bears lawful sway throughout the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. On the 6th of November, 1860, a constitutional majority of the people thought fit to pass by John C. Breckenridge, who was offered to them as a candidate of the southern wing of the democracy, and to elect Abraham Lincoln as the President of the United States. For this high crime and misdemeanor on our part, eleven Southern

States, (although by entering into the election they were bound in honor to abide its result,) have thought proper to declare themselves an independent, foreign, and belligerent power, and have ordered and are now ordering at the mouth of the cannon, the loyal people of the United States, to give up to this foreign power half our territory; half our sea-coast and the fortresses that defend it and protect its navigation; the entrance to our inland seas; and the mouth and a thousand miles of the lower course of the mighty rivers which penetrate to the heart of that portion of the country which we are graciously permitted, during good behavior of course, to retain. Though we have been on the point of war with England more than once within twenty-five years, and that under a southern lead, for some wretched fragments of unsettled territory on the outskirts of the Union, we are now summoned to give up to a foreign and hostile power a domain half as large as Europe, because Mr. John C. Breckenridge was not elected President of the United States, and in order that Mr. Jefferson Davis may enjoy the blood-stained and guilty honor of presiding over the Southern Confederacy.

But again, see what a wreck secession calls upon us to make of this noble fabric of confederate republicanism. Our fathers in 1789 framed a Constitution of Government for the purpose, among other high aims of civil polity, of establishing “a more perfect Union.” The wisest and best of men co-operated in the undertaking; Heaven smiled on the work. The people of thirteen States then existing ratified, adopted, and declared it the law of the land. The country, desolated by the war of the Revolution, sprang into new life beneath its genial influence, as the frozen clods are clothed with verdure beneath the gentle showers of April. Twenty-one States have since grown up within our territorial limits, and have thought it a blessing and an honor to be joined to the great family of republics. For seventy-two

years since it went into operation, the country has enjoyed under this Constitution an amount of prosperity without a parallel in the history of the world. Cities have sprung up like an exhalation from the soil; the savage wilderness has been turned into a wheat field as by a miracle; an immigration, counted not by hundreds or thousands, but by millions, of which there is no other example in the annals of mankind, bears witness to the good report which has gone forth of us to the nations. In these seventy-two years not a drop of blood has been shed for a political offence, and making fair allowance for the human frailties of men and of nations, and especially remembering that the one great "spot upon the vestal robe" of the Union, "the worse for what it soils," was placed and kept there under the old colonial rule, our country has really been what, thanks to secession it is now derisively termed, "the Model Republic;" the noblest attempt ever made by man to combine the equal home-bred blessings of a small State with the strength and influence of a great Empire. Shall we allow secession to make a deplorable wreck of this noble framework of Government? Will we permit the Union of the States to be sacrificed, — that Constitution which was framed by some of the wisest and best men that ever lived, to be trampled under foot, in order to gratify the aspirations to office of eight or ten disappointed southern politicians?

But again. Secession bids us not only cede to her half the territory of the United States, and abrogates at one blow the Constitution of Government that held them together, but, in place of this powerful and prosperous Union, now strong enough for every legitimate object of domestic or foreign polity, it substitutes at once and of necessity two independent and hostile confederacies, separated by no natural boundary, sure to be involved in eternal border wars, besides carrying in their bosoms the fatal germ of still further and still more ruinous disintegration.

All history, all analogy teaches us that if we could patch up a peace to-morrow with the rebel States, it would be but a temporary truce, lasting just so long, and no longer, as might be necessary for them to find a pretext for a new war of aggression and outrage. Their leaders tell you that they hate, despise, and loathe you; and they have shown you what paltry and imaginary grievances they consider a sufficient cause of war. How is it possible that you can ever live in peace with them, if this first trial of strength, which has been forced upon us is decided in their favor? If they violate the obligations of the Constitution and the sanctity of oaths, what respect are they going to pay to the faith of treaties? If they fly to arms because an election, in which they took equal part, has been decided against them, how can we hope to conduct with them, on amicable terms, the great and often perplexed relations, of independent States?

But secession not only makes this wholesale havoc of the Constitution and the Union, it repeals the Declaration of Independence. I need not say that all the States of this Union were, four fifths of a century ago, Colonial dependencies of the great powers of Europe. It is not yet eighty years since England acknowledged the Independence of the old Thirteen States. It is less than sixty years since France ceded to us Louisiana and all the mighty region between the Mississippi and the Pacific. It is forty years only since Spain ceded to us the Floridas; and fourteen years only since Mexico, — at this moment involved in war with the great powers of Europe and in imminent danger of losing her independence in deed if not in word, — acknowledged our claim to Texas. If we recognize secession we admit the right, not only of the entire Southern Confederacy so called, but of each and every member of it, to resume at pleasure its allegiance to the ancient government, and thus plant a European colonial jurisdiction all along our southern frontier. So completely has the

frenzy of the hour extinguished every spark of patriotism in the bosom of their leaders, that some of them have declared their preference of a foreign sceptre over the gentle and beneficent sway of the Constitution of the United States. But whether they desire it or not, whether this madness extends to the many, or, as we may charitably hope, is confined to the few, the recolonization of the States of the South by their former European masters, is an event, if secession should prosper, highly probable, in fact all but certain, in reference to some of them; and in reference to none of them greatly otherwise. Break up the Union; let the two great sections of the country hamstring each other with the two-edged sword of border war, and what sufficient protection would Texas and Florida have against Spain, or Louisiana against France, or any of them against England? There is not one of them, if left to themselves and involved in war with a foreign power, whose independence would be worth a year's purchase. Nothing has so much amazed me in all these disastrous complications, as the fact that men of capacity and political experience at the South, and who aspire to the name of patriots and statesmen, should not perceive that in abdicating their position as integral members of a strong government, and especially one that wields a respectable naval force, they place themselves not only at the mercy of the great maritime powers of Europe, but at the mercy of any government able to send half a dozen iron clad steamers to sea. Break down the Union as a great military and naval power, and what protection is left for their alluvial shores? Are not the arms which are long enough to reach from London, Paris, and Madrid, to Calcutta and the Philippine Islands, and Tahiti, and New Zealand, long enough to stretch to Charleston, and Pensacola, and Galveston, and New Orleans?

But we have not yet got to the bottom of the cup of humiliation, which secession places to our lips. Most great commercial

and naval States think that, in addition to the fortresses which guard their home ports, it is necessary to possess some distant harbors of refuge, and certain remoter stations, that protect the pathway of their foreign trade. England would as soon allow Plymouth or Portsmouth to be wrested from her by a foreign power, as she would Gibraltar, or Malta, or Aden, or Singapore, or Hong Kong, or Vancouver's Island. Now the seceding States not only claim the right to withdraw from the Union, which they have no more right to do than Scotland or Ireland has to withdraw from the Union with England, but they claim the right to carry with them the whole line of fortresses which guard our southern coast, the Florida Channel, the Gulf of Mexico, and the mouth of the Mississippi; fortresses required for the safety of our commerce; built on lands purchased and paid for by the General Government, and on islands and sites, of which the jurisdiction has been ceded to the United States. Nay, they claim the right to open and shut at pleasure the outlet of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the Missouri—the most magnificent system of internal navigation on the face of the globe. Acknowledge secession, and not a drove of mules could be sent down from Kentucky, nor a hogshead of tobacco from St. Louis, nor a bale of furs from the Upper Missouri, nor a barrel of pork from Cincinnati, nor a keg of nails from Pittsburgh, nor a pig of lead from Galena or Dubuque, nor a sack of wheat from Davenport, but by the gracious leave of this alien power.

Finally, fellow-citizens, there is a drop of still greater bitterness in the chalice. The triumph of secession involves consequences more painful than any sacrifice of our own material or political interests. Not only are a majority of the inhabitants of the border Slave States firmly attached to the Union, but the mountain ridge that traverses the South, from Maryland almost to the Gulf, is inhabited by an industrious and frugal pop-

ulation who support themselves mainly by the free labor of their own hands. Western Virginia, East Tennessee, and Western North Carolina, and Northern Alabama have little interest in slavery, and no sympathy with the war which it has forced upon the country. Their citizens consequently have been and are cruelly persecuted by the military despotism which now rules the South with a rod of iron. Mr. Davis, in his late message, affects to reproach the Government of the United States and its generals in command with making war upon peaceful private individuals. It is the familiar artifice of wrongdoers to charge upon others the crimes of which they are themselves guilty. *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?* For years past, and in profound peace, a man or woman, who should have expressed at the South opinions adverse to slavery, would have done it at the risk of life. A Senator from one of the Southern States made it a matter of boast, that abolitionists coming among them, (meaning thereby every northern man not friendly to slavery,) hung like ripe fruit on the trees. Before Virginia had seceded, and while her Ordinance of Secession was pending before the people, Mr. Senator Mason published a letter on the 16th May, 1861, with his name, in answer to the inquiries addressed to him, as to the position of those citizens whose principles would not allow them to vote to separate Virginia from the United States. "If they retain such opinions," says the merciful Senator, "*they must leave the State!*" Yes, dare to defy the oligarchy at Richmond and vote against separating from the Union, bequeathed to you by your Washington as your dearest inheritance, and we banish you from the State. This wholesale sentence of exile was pronounced before the iniquity of secession was consummated, and against the inhabitants of a third part of the territory of the State, men guilty of no crime but that of entertaining certain "opinions." Nor is this all; army after army was sent into Western Virginia last year to execute the

decree of proscription; her villages were burned, her fields wasted, and some of her prominent citizens dragged to Richmond and immured in a felon's jail. The same state of things exists in East Tennessee. Wherever throughout the South a Union man ventures to avow himself, the common jail, the scourge, sometimes the halter, is his fate. I know the press at the South affects to deny the truth of Parson Brownlow's statements. I own I could not myself at first believe that such atrocities could have been practised by men professing to be Christians, nay, by persons in the highest civil and military stations. But I am well persuaded, from numerous other and independent sources of information, that his accounts are true. Mr. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State, by a letter of the 25th of last November, addressed to the officer in command at Knoxville, directs that all "prisoners of war taken among the traitors of East Tennessee," (so he designates the great mass of the loyal people of that region,) "who can be identified as having been engaged in bridge-burning, are to be tried summarily by drum-head court-martial, and, if found guilty, executed on the spot by hanging. It would be well to leave their bodies hanging in the vicinity of the burned bridges!" This most humane secretary seems to have forgotten, that one of the first acts of his seceding friends in Baltimore was to burn the bridges on the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad, to prevent the troops of the United States from marching to the defence of Washington. It is needless to say that this cruel order was as cruelly executed; while throughout the South thousands of Union men have been driven into exile, and other thousands are forced into the rebel army, or are languishing in prison, or fleeing before their pursuers to the caves in the mountains. If we now shrink discomfited from the contest, we surrender these our loyal friends and brethren to exile, confiscation, and death.

No, fellow-citizens, there remains no alter-

native but a short and vigorous, or a protracted and languishing prosecution of the war. Shall it be the first, or shall it be the last? Will you let it go down, a legacy of sacrifice and sorrow to your children, or will you not rather finish it this very year? You can if you will; you have the means and the men, if you but choose to employ them. I rejoice to behold in this great outpouring of the people—the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the bone and the sinew, the mind and the heart of the community—the assurance that you are determined, that as far as depends on you, the work shall be quickly done; and in lieu of any words of exhortation on my part, which I know you do not need, let me give you a reminiscence from the time that tried men's souls.

Boston, as you well know, was, in the year 1775 and a part of 1776, occupied by British troops, and besieged by the American army under Washington. The great question was how the enemy could be best assailed, and among the measures proposed was the bombardment of the town, then almost wholly built of wood. The richest

man in Boston, John Hancock, was then President of the Continental Congress, and as such transmitted the orders of that body to Washington. "You will notice the resolution," said he in his letter, "relative to an attack on Boston. This passed after a most serious debate in a committee of the whole house, and the execution was referred to you. *May God crown your attempt with success!* I most heartily wish it, though individually I may be the greatest sufferer." The fact is, all his property consisted of real estate in Boston; the destruction of the town would have made him a beggar. Fellow-citizens he was the occupant of yonder house. Were he living, he might from his windows witness all this glorious sight; his eyes would swim with tears of gratitude to Heaven, as he beheld yonder banner of the Union floating in the breeze; his ears would drink with rapture the patriotic strains that have cheered us this afternoon. May the proceedings of this day and this hour be such, that his pure spirit, and that of all his sainted associates, the Adamses, and Franklin, and peerless Washington himself, may look down upon us with approbation!

SPEECH OF HON. B. F. THOMAS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

If you could analyze the feelings of a candle upon being lit up just as the sun was going down, you would appreciate my feelings in succeeding New England's most accomplished orator. But you neither expect, nor would you tolerate an elaborate speech. Indeed, if I consulted my own heart, my lips would be sealed.

When the beauty of our Israel is slain on her high places; when the sons of our love are perishing in loathsome dungeons; when armed treason is battering the gates of the capital; when the nation itself is struggling, gasping for the breath of its life, rhetoric,

logic, eloquence, even, seem mean and paltry. Nothing, indeed, is eloquent but the roar of the cannon and the crack of the rifle—nothing logical but the sword and the bayonet.

The issues before the country are of life or death, glory or shame, order or anarchy, union or chaos, a nation or a Mexico. And in this hour of awful peril there is for us but one hope, one way of salvation; and that is to subdue armed rebellion by arms,—to overwhelm it by superior force on the field of battle.

Processions and banners, touching allusions to Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall, sen-

timental resolutions, proclamations beginning and ending in words, bills of confiscation and emancipation, after much travail, utterly still born, won't do the work. If you mean to save the country, you have got to fight for it. The negro can't do it for you. Providence won't do it for you, unless you put your shoulders to the wheel. You have got to work out your own salvation, — in this case, "without fear or trembling."

The only alternative is to sue for peace and submit to dissolution; to betray the sublime trust committed to us by God and our fathers, and to rot into dishonored graves at home.

If this be so, men of Boston, — patriotic, self-sacrificing men, capable of living and dying for your country, — what wait you for? The path of duty lies open before you. Interest, duty, honor, patriotism, the sense of manhood, all point one way — that way leads to Richmond and to victory, — and through victory to Union and peace. Controversy as to the causes of the war, is useless now. Grumbling, carping criticism of the past is mean and disloyal now. Side issues, partizan or philanthropic, are moral treason now. They weaken and divide us in a struggle that requires all our wisdom, all our energy, all our strength, directed and converged to the single work and duty of subduing the foe in arms. Not a man, not a dollar, not a thought can be wasted on any other issue. Now or never is the salvation of the country possible. Hard words won't do it, threats and curses won't do it, violence won't do it. Nothing will do it but superior physical force in the field, wielded with an energy all the more terrible because it is calm, and knows how to obey as well as to command.

Fellow-citizens: We have cause for anxiety, none for despair. We have under-estimated the strength and resources of our opponents. We have greatly under-estimated our own strength and resources. Rebellion

has, we may believe, made its crowning effort; its bucket has touched bottom. The water in our well is yet deep. We can maintain a million men in the field, and on the sea five hundred ships of war. With these, twenty millions of intelligent, united, devoted people can vindicate the integrity of the nation and defy a world in arms.

If you would avoid intervention by foreign powers, the only way is to be prepared for it. Put your million of men into the field, and your five hundred ships upon your seas and rivers. Bear up the old flag, resolved to live under it, to conquer with it, or die beneath its folds. In an hour of your weakness other nations may intervene; never, if you put forth your real strength, never.

Would you consent to separation, to give up this glorious Union of your fathers, where will you draw the line? Are the Gulf States only to be severed? Your enemy will not consent to that division. Will you give up the Border States? The Border States will not go. Let me say in the face of the men of Boston, that a nobler, truer, more patriotic set of men the sun does not shine upon, than the Union men of the Border States. I feel that I know them, and I tell you they will not go. If finally *driven* from you, no man can say how much of the Great West would go with them, or where the ultimate line of division would fall.

[Mr. Thomas here enlarged upon the geographical and commercial ties which bound the West to the South, and said there is no safety for us but in clinging to the Union as it was and the Constitution as it is.]

Let us be manly, be just, be tolerant. It is the easiest thing in the world to find fault, but not the wisest thing. In conducting war upon so vast a scale, and requiring so many and varied agencies, mistakes and blunders will be made. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. We have a great and powerful people, and at their head an upright, conscientious, unselfish, conservative Chief Magistrate. Let us work

and not grumble. Let us labor and not faint. It was the prayer of the great statesman of New England, that when his eyes should turn to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, he might not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union. *Once* glorious; with tears wash out or with fire burn out the word,

and write *forever* glorious, born out of tribulation and suffering in another, an immortal life. When our eyes shall turn, to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may we see its rays illumining and kindling every star and stripe of that banner which, like the robe of our divine Master, was wrought without a seam.

SPEECH OF HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

I AM here, fellow-citizens, at short notice, and I hope to make a short speech. Would to Heaven that I could make it as short, as sharp, and as burning, as the battle must now be which is at length to bring back peace to our afflicted land! Would to Heaven that I could say anything or do anything which might contribute to the success of this occasion and of the cause which it is designed to promote! It is a time when every one of us should ask himself, day by day, and night by night, at morning and at evening and at noonday, "What can I say, or what can I do, for my country and for those who are engaged in its defence?"

Yet I cannot help feeling how powerless are any mere empty words in presence of such a multitude as this, and still more in presence of such events as those which have called us together. The scene around us, and the sounds which have attended it, are more eloquent and more impressive than any human oratory. The rolling drum, the pealing bells, the tramp of marching battalions, the shouts of surging multitudes, these are the only sounds to-day which seem to fill or satisfy the ear;—and the only adequate words which the vocabulary of American Patriotism can supply for such an hour as this are, "Recruit, enlist, gird on your armor and go forth to the rescue of our brethren in the field, and to the deliverance of our beloved country."

What else can any one say? Every form

of argument and of appeal has been exhausted. It is vain to review the past; we cannot recall it. It is vain to speculate on the future; we cannot penetrate its hidden depths. It is vain, and worse than vain, to criticise and cavil about the present. We must have confidence in somebody. We must not only trust in God, but we must trust in the Government which is over us, and in the generals whom that government has commissioned. For one, I mean to hold fast my faith in them all—Halleck, McClellan, Pope, McDowell, Burnside, Banks, and all the rest—until something besides bad fortune, or malignant rumor, or base suspicions, shall have occurred to shake it.

Meantime we must not shut our eyes to the real state of the case. The stern and solemn fact is before us, that our country has now been engaged for more than a year past in one of the fiercest and bloodiest wars which the world has ever witnessed. The stern and solemn fact is before us, that three quarters of a million of the loyal men of the land have been found inadequate to overcome the wanton and wicked rebellion which has lifted its parricidal hands against the nation. The stern and solemn fact is before us, that though so many glorious successes have been accomplished, and so many deeds of heroic daring performed, our gallant army has recently encountered a series of checks and reverses which have once more put almost everything in peril. The stern

and startling fact is before us and upon us, that the President has been constrained to call for twice 300,000 more men to rescue us from defeat, and to give us a hope of finishing successfully the Herculean labor of restoring the national authority.

Who can hesitate for a moment what answer shall be given to this call? Who can hesitate for a moment to say, that everything which is needed, everything which is asked for in such an emergency, shall be supplied, to the last man and the last dollar, — even though another 300,000, and still another, should be demanded hereafter?

I rejoice, my friends, to be able to bear witness to the feeling which exists in some other parts of our Commonwealth and of our country. Absent from home for six weeks past, I have visited more than one of our sister States of the North. At Buffalo, I was in company with some of my old conservative friends, such as the late Governor of New York, Washington Hunt, and the late President of the United States, Millard Fillmore. The best illustration of their views is found in the fact that the patriotic ex-President is in actual command of the Home Guard of that beautiful Lake City, and is seldom or never absent from their evening drills. I was at Niagara; but not even the roaring of that mighty cataract could drown the cries of the country struggling in the rapids of this gigantic rebellion, and a new and noble regiment was just beginning to be organized there, which has now already taken up its march for the Potomac.

Standing at Saratoga on the piazza of one of the hotels, with the present worthy Governor of New York, just at the moment when the order for the new draft was first promulgated, he said to me, "The North has not yet put forth a quarter of its strength. It must now put forth its whole strength." And since the words were uttered, no less than fifty new regiments have been organized in the Empire State, and no less than seven-

teen of them are already under marching orders for Washington.

At West Point, I had the privilege of passing a portion of several days in company with our ever-honored veteran chieftain, — Winfield Scott; and though I may not quote any words of private conversation, I did not leave him without the undoubting assurance, not only that the warmest wish of his still glowing heart was that the new levies of six hundred thousand men should be promptly supplied, but that the sober conviction of his judgment was that with these reinforcements promptly supplied, we could scatter the Confederate army, scare out their infernal guerrilla hordes, and finish the war triumphantly at no distant day.

There, too, I met the generous and true-hearted Crittenden. I accompanied him to the camp of the Cadets, and saw the emotion with which he grasped the hand of the young Kentuckians who clustered around him. One of them was a son of that noble preacher and patriot, Robert J. Breckenridge, of Danville, and another, whose name I am ashamed to have forgotten, but which history will not forget, was a young Kentuckian of only sixteen years of age, who, having been already wounded while serving as a volunteer at the battle of Shiloh, had now come to prepare for future responsibilities by studying the science of war.

All honor from this great assembly on Boston Common to these loyal and patriotic men of the Border States, who have endured so many of the worst hardships and sharpest trials of this terrible struggle, and who have still been found faithful among the faithless.

Nor have I been without some recent opportunity of observing what is going on in a remote part of our own Commonwealth. No sooner had I entered her limits than I was called on to address a war meeting in one of the lovely villages of Berkshire. At Pittsfield, too, I visited the camp of an almost completed regiment. Everywhere the flag was flying, everywhere the drums were

beating, everywhere the alarm bell was ringing. And what else — what else can we do? What else — what else can we say but “enlist, recruit, gird yourselves for the battle!” For myself, elinging to the hope of adjustment to the last moment; hoping and praying, as I have done, that the policy of man or the good Providence of God might still open a door of escape from this bloody arbitrament of a most unnatural and abhorrent family quarrel; and holding myself ever open to conviction, even now, if any way of reconciliation and restoration should present itself — I can see, as the case now stands, nothing, nothing whatever to be done, but to put forth our whole strength, to summon up all the energy we possess, and to overcome and overwhelm this rebellion by every means in our power.

Boston, I need not say, is alive to the emergency. Though I have been at home little more than four-and-twenty hours, I have seen enough at every corner of the street, I see enough before me at this moment, to assure me that all will be right with her. New England expects every man to do his duty, and the capital of New England will not be wanting to the call. Let Suffolk and Essex, and Norfolk and Worcester, and Plymouth and Bristol, and Berkshire and old Hampshire emulate each other, as they are now doing, in furnishing their full quota, in anticipation of any draft, and history will still record of old Massachusetts, that she was second to no other State in defending that Union, which all the world knows she was second to no other State in establishing.

In conclusion, let us all remember, my friends, that it is the Union, and nothing more nor less nor other than the Union, for which we are contending. Let us keep ever in mind those excellent words of Mr. Seward, that it is enough now for us to strain every nerve in putting down the Demon of Rebellion, without stopping to quarrel among ourselves about any lesser demons, whether imaginary or real.

Let us keep ever in mind that noble and still more recent and emphatic declaration

of our patriotic President, that if there be any man who would not save the Union unless he could either destroy or save something besides the Union — no matter what it is — he is not of that man's party.

Let us remember that we are not engaged in a war of the North against the South, but a war of the Nation against those who have risen up to destroy it. Let us keep our eyes and our hearts steadily fixed upon the old flag of our fathers, — the same to-day as when it was first lifted in triumph at Saratoga, or first struck down in madness at Sumter. That flag tells our whole story. We must do whatever we do, and whatever is necessary to be done, with the paramount purpose of preserving it, untorn and untarnished, in all its radiance and in all its just significance. We must be true to every tint of its red, white, and blue. Behold it at this moment streaming from every window and watch-tower and eupola of our fair city. It has a star for every State. Let us resolve that there shall still be a State for every star. Let this be our watchword, in speech and in song, and still more in the whole civil and military policy of the war, — “A STAR FOR EVERY STATE, AND A STATE FOR EVERY STAR,” — and by the blessing of God, and our own strong arms, we may once more see that flag waving in triumph from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

But let us not forget that the time is short — that what we have to do must be done quickly; and let us make a short, sharp, strenuous effort, and finish the work at whatever immediate sacrifice of treasure or of blood. We owe it to ourselves, we owe it to all the world, to bring this terrible struggle to a decisive issue with the least possible delay. “Now or never,” was the legend upon one of the banners which just caught my eye. It is now or never with the Union; now or never with the Constitution; now or never with the wide arch of our ranged Republic. Let us take a lesson of desperate energy from the rebels themselves, — yes, or from the Prince of Rebels, as he cries to his apostate host in the immortal epic, “Awake, arise, or be forever fallen.”



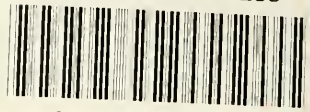
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